

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Ruff Ryders Anthem

Par DMX

Album : Live And Loud At Woodstock 99

Uh

Something new

Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Oh, no, that's how Ruff Ryders roll

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Niggas wanna try, niggas wanna lie

Then niggas wonder why niggas wanna die

All I know is pain, all I feel is rain

How can I maintain with that shit on my brain?

I resort to violence, my niggas move in silence

Like you don't know what our style is

New York niggas the wildest

My niggas is with it, you want it? Come and get it

Took it then we split it, you fuckin' right we did it

What the fuck you gon' do when we run up on you?

Fuckin' with the wrong crew

Don't know what we're goin' through

I'ma have to show niggas how easily we blow niggas

When you find out there's some mo' niggas

That's runnin' with yo' niggas

Nothin' we can't handle, break it up and dismantle

Light it up like a candle just 'cause I can't stand you

Put my shit on tapes like you bustin' grapes

Think you holdin' weight?

Then you haven't met the apes

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Is y'all niggas crazy? I'll bust you and be Swayze
Stop actin' like a baby, mind your business, lady!
Nosy people get it too, when you see me spit at you
You know I'm tryin' to get rid of you, yeah I know, it's pitiful
That's how niggas get down
Watch my niggas spit rounds
Make y'all niggas kiss ground just for talkin' shit, clown
Oh, you think it's funny?
Then you don't know me, money
It's about to get ugly, fuck it, dawg, I'm hungry

I guess you know what that mean
Come up off that green, rob niggas on ravine
Don't make it a murder scene
Give a dog a bone, leave a dog alone
Let a dog roam and he'll find his way home
Home of the brave, my home is a cage
Ayo I'ma slave 'til my home is a grave
I'ma pull capers, it's all about the papers
Bitches caught the vapors and now they wanna rape us

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Look what you done started, asked for it, you got it

Had it, shoulda shot it, now you're dearly departed

Get at me, dawg, did I rip shit?

With this one here, I flip shit

Niggas know when I kick shit, it's gon' be some slick shit

What was that look for when I walked in the door?

Oh, you thought you was raw? Boom! Not anymore

'Cause now you on the floor, wishin' you never saw

Me walk through that door with that .44

Now it's time for bed, two more to the head

Got the floor red, yeah, that nigga's dead

Another unsolved mystery, it's goin' down in history

Niggas ain't never did shit to me

Bitch-ass niggas can't get to me

Gots to make the move, got a point to prove

Gotta make them groove, got 'em all like "Ooh!"

So to the next time you hear this nigga rhyme

Try to keep your mind on gettin' pussy and crime

Stop, drop, shut 'em down, open up shop

Talk is cheap, motherfucker!